

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3, 1832.

NO. 23.

THE ENGRAVING.

The plate presented in the present number will speak for itself: it represents the house in which Jefferson composed the Declaration of Independence. It stands in Fifth street, between Market and Chesnut streets, having a small alley running up from Fifth street on its southern side, thus exposing a full view of the gable end. It is now, as it was in 1776, occupied as a public house, and bears the sign of the Indian Queen, formerly La Belle Sauvage, but of late years rendered into English. It is no doubt one of the oldest buildings in Philadelphia; and the various coats of paint and plaster, in which successive tenants have disguised it, have not been able to eradicate the strong traces of a relic of the century gone by. It is but a square from the State House, in which Congress then sat, and was in great repute as a boarding house, besides possessing the advantage of proximity to the place of meeting. Mr. Jefferson, with many others, took up his quarters there; and there it was he must have written that immortal document. Tradition so affirms it, and there is nothing which warrants a doubt of its accuracy. It may be a satisfaction to state, that even in this improving day, when all the old houses of the past century are pulled down to make way for modern piles of brick and mortar, this interesting fabric is likely to remain.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.—A very amusing gentleman by the name of Nichols, a *genuine* Ventriloquist, has been in Philadelphia a short period, and we regret he has left us before we could pay him the tribute of a paragraph. He is one of the very few of his species who possess the faculty of entertaining a large audience by his individual, unassisted efforts—and a very amusing evening he made of it, committing but one error, that of casting some ridicule on the Quakers. With this single exception we can recommend Mr. Nichols's exhibition wherever he may go, as a rational and surprising display of talent.

Mr. Nichols informs his audience at the outset that he cannot explain what ventriloquism is—we will do it for him, and may safely assert that with diligence in studying effect, there are thousands living who would become tolerable hands at it. Ventriloquism consists in speaking with the *inspiration* of the breath, and so of throwing a sound into the lungs. But the exertion is always accompanied with difficulty and fatigue. When the voice is lowest, the ventriloquist must turn gradually from the company to conceal the motion of his lips, and to favor the deception, as if the noise proceeded from his belly. As he stands in the middle of the room, and occasionally converses in his natural tone of voice, when he speaks inwardly and in a fainter accent, the spectator will naturally, and according to the uniform habit with respect to sounds in such a case, refer this feebler voice to a remoter station, and conceive it as issuing from a corner, or

some other point beyond the man. This is the whole of the mystery, and this solution will account for that singular phenomenon in all the variety of its exhibition. We deceive ourselves, and own ourselves deceived—so that the two operating together, make that appear supernatural which in fact may be accounted for on the most simple and well known principles of acoustics.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES

Written on hearing the admired air, "My ain kind dearie."

Oh! play once more that much lov'd air!
It breathes of by-gone mirth and pleasure,
The scenes of smiling childhood, where
I heard the flute's assuasive measure.

It calls to mind the happy time,
When cherish'd hope was blooming brightest;
It tells of boyhood's early prime,
When my young bounding heart was lightest,

Play on that soft demulcent strain,
The solace of departed hours;
It brings to mem'ry back again
The sweets of boyhood's sunny bowers.

'Tis sweeter than the summer gale,
That plays upon a bed of roses,
Or whispers o'er the perfum'd vale
Where Flora in her pride reposes.

When by the throes of woe oppress'd,
With toil and care, when I am weary,
There 's nought can soothe my sobbing breast
Like that lov'd air, "My ain kind dearie."

'Tis it can cheer my gloomy soul,
When love and friendship both have vanish'd,
Beneath its happy, bright control,
The pangs of anguish soon are banish'd.

It drives the clouds of grief away,
When they my bosom have benighted;
I yield to its enchanting sway,
When all my fondest hopes are blighted.

The harp is mute!—'tis now no more,
That fav'rite strain, of strains the sweetest;—
Thus has it been "from days of yore,"
Our brightest hours are ever fleetest.

'Tis thus the scenes of bliss decay—
Our joys are preludes sure to sadness—
Like music, pleasure dies away,
And scarcely leaves the dream of gladness.

ASPENDIUS.

Franklin Co. Pa. Jan. 27, 1832.

THE BLIGHTED HEART.

There is not on the pangs which reveal
Our sum of anguish, in the Book of Fate,
A pang severer than the pain we feel
When Friendship is deceived, or love meets hate;
When warm affection coldly is reprov'd,
Or hopeless misery denounc'd by lips we lov'd.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER--NO. 23.

If it has been my fortune, in the course of these articles, to portray generally those scenes in which misfortune and sorrow have been more conspicuous than happiness and comfort, I can safely say that it has not happened so from any fondness for looking on the dark side of the picture of human life. On the contrary, there has been no lack of subjects of the livelier character; but the first was necessary to afford an insight into the modes by which a dense population contrive to crawl through a miserable life of poverty and suffering. A city like Philadelphia presents all the varieties of fortune to which human nature can be subject: the ups and downs of life are here exemplified in every possible variety, and it has been my study to describe only those of the most prominent kind. I regret to think how true have been the pictures. What the poor suffer—what the truly virtuous undergo—what ills the vicious entail upon themselves by their folly—what reverses are experienced even by those apparently the most secure—are sufficiently diversified, and are of such constant occurrence, that my pen would never tire for want of subjects. A great city like this is made up of all sorts of good and ill luck; and he who in the general scramble comes out with just enough to support life comfortably free from want, may consider himself as having been blest with extraordinary luck.

I was entrusted a few months ago, with the collection of the rents of a large house in the Northern Liberties, belonging to a friend who had retired a few miles in the country, satisfied that a comfortable home, with income enough to place him beyond the reach of want, was the true paradise yet left on earth for man. The income from this huge fabric formed his principal dependence, and it was therefore necessary it should be paid with some regularity. On looking over his instructions, I was surprised to find the names of no less than eleven persons, each occupying a separate room, and paying various sums, from five to twenty dollars a quarter. I confess the task of collecting these small sums every three months, was a little appalling at first thought; but having a desire to inspect the condition of a house with eleven tenants, as well as to oblige an old school-mate and friend, I set about it a few days after the new year came in, the various rents all becoming due on that day. I need not describe the exact situation of the house; no doubt many of my city readers will quickly recognise it; and those in the country will care very little whether it be in Kensington or Southwark. It was a large fabric of the olden time, built long before the revolution, in fact in the very infancy of Philadelphia, by a family high in public consideration at the time, but which has since become extinct in the male line. In those days it was a country palace, far enough out of the city, and towered above the neighboring farm-houses as proudly as does the steeple of Christ Church above the smokey chimneys of Second street. But the city has travelled out to it, and it now stands in the centre of a densely populated district. Such have been the changes of only fifty years in Philadelphia! The space between what was then called the city, and this ancient building, was composed of green fields and towering forests. It is now covered with houses, whose bristling chimnies send forth a cloud of smoke over the ground where the ploughman whistled as he turned up the sod, and the blue-bird carolled in every season of the year!

As population flowed in, and as the old male stock became extinct, the ancient palace was cut up into a

multitude of apartments, being too large for any single family, as well as too old for the modern appetite for marble manties and basement stories, which, I say it with shame, turns up its nose in holy indignation at every thing around which time has thrown the mantle of veneration. As the old homestead was thus rendered habitable, a multitude of new-comers ensconced themselves as tenants in its wainscoted halls, at a rent which amply compensated the owner for any loss of dignity he might have experienced in thus degrading the fire-places of his fathers to the purposes of a miscellaneous inundation of strangers. Thus the house came into the hands of my friend by marriage, and he, feeling less compunction than one of the blood, continued the lucrative practice of letting in a multitude of tenants, seldom caring whether they were blue spirits or grey. Indeed he had improved on the original plan, for he had divided the three floors into nine rooms, into each of which a family was quickly admitted, while the two garrets were equally favored; so that the building, at the time my services were required, contained no less than eleven different tenants.

I knocked at the door of a room on the first floor, and being invited to "come in," by an audible voice, I pulled the leather string which served the purpose of lifting the latch, while, when drawn in by the occupant, it rendered the room inaccessible except by force. A cobbler sat on his bench, surrounded by the mysterious symbols of his calling, old shoes to mend, and others beyond the reach of even his regenerating skill. His countenance fell as I intimated my business. Such, alas! is the effect of a conscious poverty on the visage of even a poor cobbler. Yet he pulled out his money with an alacrity I little anticipated, told me that his two neighbors on the same floor had gone out, but that I would be certain to find somebody up stairs!

As I mounted the huge stairway of liberal dimensions, the noise of a violent altercation saluted my ears, proceeding from overhead, and I hastened up to see what could be the matter. To my surprise I found that a bed in one of the rooms had taken fire through the supposed carelessness of a solitary tenant, and that those who were immediately adjoining, instead of putting out the fire had seized the occasion to knock up a general fight among themselves, wisely concluding it was time enough to extinguish the fire afterwards. As many as twenty persons had assembled, mostly the tenants of the upper rooms, some of whom participated in the beating, while others vainly endeavored to extinguish the fire. By dint of much persuasion, enlivened by threats of expulsion from the premises, I succeeded in procuring sufficient order to allow water to be brought, and in half an hour the fire was subdued, without the merciful interference of the fire companies, whose pipes, towards the last, looked in at the windows, impatient for a supply of water to drench the whole community within, whose terror, it must be admitted, was greater at beholding the enemy without, than they entertained for that within. The person whose burning bed had caused so much alarm, was a young man of quite a pleasing address, and who, clothed as he was in the remnants of decayed and by-gone finery, still carried a genteel appearance about him. After introducing myself to him, I ventured to inquire into the cause of his unhappy condition, and had seated myself on the window sill, there being no chairs in the room, to listen to him, as he showed a disposition to be sociable and communicative, when a young female entered suddenly, and approaching him said, "George, I have brought you something warm—drink it, it will do you good." And observing me, she tripped out of the room with great precipita-

tion, not, however, before I had observed that she was modest and affectionate, perhaps beautiful.

"Sir," said the young man after she had gone, "I should expect but little patience from a stranger, as you are, since those who knew me best have long since refused to give me countenance. I am one of those unfortunates who never knew what it was to be cherished by the love of fond parents, as I never knew those who gave me being. Five and twenty years ago, in a night, bitter enough, it would seem, to freeze even the love of a mother for her offspring, I was found lying on the steps of a highly respectable merchant, carefully wrapped in flannel, and otherwise protected from the weather. The family returning home a short time after, discovered and took me in. I was reared by them with care and watchfulness, but not with that tenderness which a parent only can feel for his offspring. Yet, foundling as I was, my lot was infinitely better than the crowds who throng our foundling asylums, where the soft voice of woman is never heard in the soothing tones of maternal kindness, and where the young mind grows up without a solitary being to care for its future welfare. I grew up to man's estate, and from being a lad at the desk, became a confidential clerk in the counting house of my benefactor. His business operations extended into every quarter of the world—his canvass whitened every sea, and the riches of the remotest climes poured in as mere tributaries of his immense wealth. He had educated me well, for my behavior had been such as to justify the partiality he seemed to entertain for me, and as years and knowledge ripened in my mind, I was entrusted with the most confidential employments. Alas! I was too weak to discover that my promotion was more because my services were valuable, than from any cordial feeling of respect my benefactor felt towards one whom he had picked up in the public highway, deserted even by the mother who had given him birth. I was a foundling; and he seemed unable to conquer the aversion he felt for an origin so infamous, and visited it on the innocent head of the abandoned, rather than on the memory of my unnatural parents. Fatal presumption! I became easy in the possession of his renewed confidence; for, however low the accident of my birth had placed me in his scale of honorable deserts, he was careful to conceal it from me. I looked upon myself rather as an equal than a dependant.

"My benefactor had an only child—a daughter. Sir, I know that you have beheld her with admiration. We lived under the same roof, we were brought up together, and I believed she regarded me with a tender affection. But I—I loved her with a fondness which mere words are poor indeed at describing. She saw that my life was hers; I told her—and we vowed everlasting fidelity to each other. Her mother favored me—and should she not have done so? I was educated like her own child, had been reared as she would have reared her own, and stood first in the confidence of her husband. Her husband? Ah! there came the terrible certainty that he would spurn from his very household, the ingrate who would thus snatch his child from his arms. Yet I could never dream of thus requiting his unbounded protection of my infancy. The scene, however, changed. By one of those unlooked for commercial convulsions, which desolate all countries, his vast possessions, his almost unlimited credit, nay, even his last dollar—all were swept away from him, and he was sent forth into the world, a beggar to a proverb. But in this appalling calamity I did not abandon him. How could I? While his multitudinous friends quitted him on his sudden reverse, I—the foundling of the highway—became not

only more devoted, but was found to be extremely useful. I had saved something during the days of our prosperity, and on this small resource I placed my poor broken-hearted master and his family in a comfortable house, but humble indeed, compared to that which they had been forced to abandon, and otherwise contributed to lift up the mountain of sorrow from his heart. But the strong man gave way under his accumulated misfortunes, and he sunk quietly into the grave, his conscience free from all reproach. His family now depended wholly upon me; how I rejoiced that I could be so useful to two survivors whom I loved so well! Our wedding day was fixed, and we had made arrangements to celebrate it in the humble style our means allowed. My new situation as clerk brought me in a salary sufficient for our support, and thus far the cloud had passed away from our horizon. But before the happy day had arrived, while standing in a public thoroughfare of merchants, an officer seized me with a warrant in his hand, charging me with forgery! My consternation at this new calamity overpowered me. No one offered to befriend me at the critical moment, and I was carried from the presence of the whole mercantile community, examined before a magistrate, and committed to prison, for having, as was alleged, been guilty of extensive forgeries of my late benefactor's name! I remained the tenant of a jail for months—my character ruined by the bare imputation—my two dear friends almost ready to believe themselves deceived by me—my situation lost—my prospects blasted forever! Sir, in the extremity of my suffering I drank of the intoxicating bowl, hoping it would drown the recollection of my troubles. Alas! it has been a burning curse upon me since the hour I tasted it. My day of trial at last came. I had managed to secure the aid of a young attorney just admitted to practice. He believed my solemn assurances of innocence, and determined to exert his utmost skill to make it manifest. Alas! sir, it was found unnecessary. My accusers came into court only to confess that I had been falsely charged, and to desire that I might be instantly dismissed. But where was the crowd of merchants who witnessed the ignominious seizure of my person on the public exchange? Where the multitude who thronged the office to investigate the charge? None were now here to listen to the proclamation of the Judge that I was acquitted of all charges—that I was an innocent and grossly persecuted man—

"On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

"I left the court and sought out my benefactress and my intended bride. They had been forced to abandon the house I had taken, and had procured a room in this old mansion. Here they had contrived to support themselves by labor of various kinds, but no more. What could I do sir? I could not throw myself, burthened as I was, on them, and my character being unjustly taken away, what was I to do? My bride still loved me—yes, with tenfold more ardor than before my cruel incarceration—but our hopes were but indifferently encouraged by our almost desperate circumstances. I had in vain sought employment, but a cloud seems to rest upon me—I could get none. To-day, after walking the whole morning without success, I returned to my solitary quarters in this desolate apartment, where you, as well as many others, have witnessed a scene of confusion unjustly blamed on me. The female whom you saw give me this bowl is my intended wife. When the spring opens, I am determined to be no longer separated from her; she shall then become mine forever; and we shall

leave a place to which so many humbling recollections are attached, for some new country where virtue will be rewarded with at least enough to make life comfortable."

He paused, and swallowed the bowl his betrothed had brought him. It seemed to give him new strength, and getting up, he counted out in silver half of the whole demand I had against him. I received it, entered it in my book, and handed it back to him, desiring him to accept it as a gift from one who felt interested in his welfare, and who would aid him in procuring some respectable permanency. A tear filled in his eye and rolled down his cheek as I held out my hand in token of friendship, and as I left the house, I observed him gazing after me with an expression of gratitude at my unlooked for offer. As the incidents connected with this case possess peculiar interest, I shall take an early opportunity to return to the subject.

EUGENE ARAM.

Whatever may be his faults, and however he may in some points hold views different from his readers and critics, the mighty genius of Bulwer always compels admiration and creates delight. Like the power attributed to lightning by the ancients, it consecrates whatever it touches. The most apparently sterile soil, beneath his culture gives forth rich and delicious fruit, not only fragrant in odour and pleasant to the taste, but wholesome and nourishing to the moral world. There are some, indeed, who consider the morality of this writer as questionable; but we care not to class ourselves with them. If those really exist who can peruse his volumes without feeling their detestation of vice increased, and their love of virtue strengthened, it may be doubted whether the most sage counsels of ethical instruction would not be thrown away upon them. To the present work it may be objected, that he has interested our feelings in a murderer, and hence this work must have a decided tendency to weaken the cause of morality. We cannot stop to combat this objection further than to ask; if all the high attributes given to the character to impart this interest, cannot save him from an ignominious death, consequent and flowing from his crime, how by that interest is the cause of morality injured? The greatest detriment to that cause has flown from a different source: the representation of monsters of iniquity without one redeeming trait, and of paragons of excellence, without one forbidding feature. The world has not been delineated as it is—and hence men have conceived it as impossible to rise to the standard of excellence, as it was against all reasonable probability that they should ever fall to the abyss of condemnation. But we must not indite a moral essay, in place of a few prefatory remarks to introduce one or two extracts from the powerful work whose title we have given above. In presenting the hero of the tale to our readers we choose to usher him in along with a different character (the avenger of his blood-stained crime) and no scene so fitting for this purpose as that the author has chosen, in the balmy summer evening, which he thus beautifully describes:—

It was waxing towards eve—an hour especially lovely in the month of June, and not without reason favored by the angler. Walter sauntered across the rich and fragrant fields, and came soon into a sheltered valley, through which the brooklet wound its shadowy way. Along the margin the grass sprung up long and matted, and

profuse with a thousand weeds and flowers—the children of the teeming June. Here the ivy-leaved bell flower, and not far from it the common enchanter's night shade, the silver weed, and the water aven; and by the hedges that now and then neared the water, the guelder-rose, and the white briony, overrunning the thicket with its emerald leaves and luxuriant flowers.—And here and there, silvering the bushes, the elder offered its snowy tribute to the summer. All the insect youths were abroad, with their bright wings and glancing motion; and from the lower depths of the bushes the blackbird darted across, or higher and unseen the first cuckoo of the eve began its continuous and mellow note. All this cheeriness and gloss of life, which enamour us with the few bright days of the English summer, make the poetry in an angler's life, and convert every idler at heart into a moralist, and not a gloomy one, for the time.

Softened by the quiet beauty and voluptuousness around him, Walter's thoughts assumed a more gentle dye, and he broke out into the old lines:

"Sweet day, so soft, so calm, so bright:
The bridal of the earth and sky," &c.

as he dipped his line into the current, and drew it across the shadowy hollows beneath the bank. The river gods were not, however, in a favorable mood, and, after waiting in vain for some time, in a spot in which he was usually successful, he proceeded slowly along the margin of the brooklet, crushing the reeds at every step, into that fresh and delicious odour, which furnished Bacon with one of his most beautiful comparisons.

He thought, as he proceeded, that beneath a tree that overhung the waters in the narrowest part of their channel, he heard a voice, and as he approached he recognized it as Aram's; a curve in the stream brought him close by the spot, and he saw the student half reclined beneath the tree, and muttering, but at broken intervals, to himself.

The words were not so scattered, that Walter did not trace their clue; but involuntarily he stopped short, within a few feet of the soliloquist: and Aram, suddenly turning round, beheld him. A fierce and abrupt change broke over the scholar's countenance; his cheek grew now pale, now flushed; and his brows knit over his flashing and dark eyes with an intent anger, that was the more withering, from its contrast to the usual calmness of his features. Walter drew back, but Aram, stalking directly up to him, gazed into his face, as if he would read his very soul.

"What! eaves-dropping?" said he, with a ghastly smile. "You overheard me, did you? Well, well, what said I?—what said I?" Then pausing, and noting that Walter did not reply, he stamped his foot violently, and grinding his teeth, repeated in a smothered tone, "Boy! what said I?"

"Mr. Aram," said Walter, "you forget yourself; I am not one to play the listener, more especially to the learned ravings of a man who can conceal nothing I care to know. Accident brought me hither."

"What! surely—surely I spoke aloud, did I not? did I not?"

"You did, but so incoherently and indistinctly, that I did not profit by your indiscretion. I cannot plagiarise, I assure you, from any scholastic designs you might have been giving vent to."

Aram looked on him for a moment, and then breathing heavily, turned away.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am a poor, half crazed man; much study has unnerved me; I should never live but with my own thoughts; forgive me, Sir, I pray you."

Touched by the sudden contrition of Aram's manner, Walter forgot, not only his present displeasure, but his general dislike; he stretched forth his hand to the student, and hastened to assure him of his ready forgiveness. Aram sighed deeply as he pressed the young man's hand, and Walter saw, with surprise and emotion, that his eyes were filled with tears.

"Ah!" said Aram, gently shaking his head, "it is a hard life we bookmen lead. Not for us is the bright face of noon-day or the smile of woman, the gay unbending of the heart, the neighing steed, and the shrill trump; the pride, pomp, and circumstance of life. Our enjoyments are few and calm; our labor constant; but that is it not, Sir?—that is it not? the body avenges its own neglect. We grow old before our time; we wither up; the sap of youth shrinks from our veins; there is no bound in our steps. We look about with dimmed eyes, and our breath grows short and thick, and pains and coughs, and shooting aches comes upon us at night; it is a bitter life—a bitter life—a joyless life. I would I had never commenced it. And yet the harsh world scowls upon us; our nerves are broken, and they wonder we are querulous; our blood curdles, and they ask why we are not gay; our brain grows dizzy and indistinct, (as with me just now) and shrugging their shoulders, they whisper their neighbor that we are mad. I wish I had worked at the plough, and known sleep, and loved mirth—and—and not been what I am."

As the student uttered the last sentence, he bowed down his head, and a few tears stole silently down his cheek.—Walter was greatly affected—it took him by surprise; nothing in Aram's ordinary demeanor betrayed any facility to emotion: and he conveyed to all the idea of a man, if not proud at least cold.

"You do not suffer bodily pain, I trust?" asked Walter, soothingly.

"Pain does not conquer me," said Aram, slowly recovering himself. "I am not melted by that which I would fain despise. Young man, I wronged you—you have forgiven me. Well, well, we will say no more on that head; it is past and pardoned. Your father has been kind to me, and I have not returned his advances; you shall tell him why. I have lived thirteen years by myself, and I have contracted strange ways and many humors not common to the world—you have seen an example of this. Judge for yourself if I be fit for the smoothness, and confidence, and ease of social intercourse; I am not fit, I feel it! I am doomed to be alone—tell your father this—tell him to suffer me to live so! I am grateful for his goodness—I knew his motives—but have a certain pride of mind; I cannot bear suffering—I loathe indulgence. Nay, interrupt me not, I beseech you. Look round on nature—behold the only company that humbles me not—except the dead whose souls speak to us from the immortality of books. These herbs at your feet, I know their secrets—I watch the mechanism of their life; the winds—they have taught me their language; the stars—I have unravelled their mysteries; and these, the creatures and ministers of God—these I offend not by my mood—to them I utter my thoughts, and break forth into my dreams, without reserve and without fear. But men disturb me—I have nothing to learn from them. I have no wish to confide in them; they cripple the wild liberty which has become to me a second nature. What its shell is to the tortoise, solitude has become to me—my protection; nay, my life!"

If there be among our readers, one lover of the piscatory art, who has at any time failed in deluding a fine trout from his radical fastnesses, and experienced that bitter pang of disappointment which even the pages of old Izaak Walton were powerless to assuage, we are sure of his sympathetic condolence with Corporal Bunting in the scene below.

Thus meditating, he arrived at the banks of the little brooklet, and was awakened from his reverie by the sound of his own name. He started, and saw the old Corporal seated on the stump of a tree, and busily employed in fixing to his line the mimic likeness of what anglers, and, for aught we know, the rest of the world, call the "violet-fly."

"Ha! master,—at my day's work, you see;—fit for nothing else now. When a musket's half-worn out,

school-boys buy it—pop it at sparrows. I be like the musket: but never mind—have not seen the world for nothing. We get reconciled to all things: that's my way—ugh! Now sir, you shall watch me catch the finest trout you have seen this summer; know where he lies—under the bush yonder. Whi—sh! Sir, whi—sh!"

The Corporal now gave his warrior soul up to the due guidance of the violet-fly: now he whipped it lightly on the wave; now he slid it coquettishly along the surface; now it floated, like an unconscious beauty, carelessly with the tide; and now, like an artful prude, it affected to loiter by the way, or to steal into designing obscurity under the shade of some overhanging bank. But none of these manœuvres captivated the wary old trout on whose acquisition the Corporal had set his heart; and, what was especially provoking, the angler could see distinctly the dark outline of the intended victim, as it lay at the bottom—like some well-regulated bachelor who eyes from afar the charms he has directly resolved to neglect.

The Corporal waited till he could no longer blind himself to the displeasing fact, that the violet-fly was wholly inefficacious; he then drew up his line, and replaced the contemned beauty of the violet-fly, with the novel attractions of the yellow-dun.

"Now, Sir!" whispered he, lifting up his finger, and nodding sagaciously to Walter. Softly dropped the yellow-dun upon the water, and swiftly did it glide before the gaze of the latent trout; and now the trout seemed aroused from his apathy, behold he moved forward, balancing himself on his fins; now he slowly ascended towards the surface; you might see all the speckles of his coat;—the Corporal's heart stood still—he is now at a convenient distance from the yellow-dun; lo, he surveys it steadfastly; he ponders, he see-saws himself to and fro. The yellow-dun sails away in affected indifference, that indifference whets the appetite of the hesitating gazer, he darts forward; he is opposite the yellow-dun—he pushes his nose against it with an eager rudeness,—he—no, he does *not* bite, he recoils, he gazes again with surprise and suspicion on the little charmer; he fades back slowly into the deeper water, and then suddenly turning his tail towards the disappointed bait, he makes off as fast as he can,—yonder,—yonder, and disappears: No, that's he leaping yonder from the wave; Jupiter! what a noble fellow! What leaps he at?—a real fly—"Damn his eyes" growled the Corporal.

A striking defect, at first glance, appears to be in the title of the story, as it at once furnishes every one with a clue to the conclusion. All who know the name and circumstances connected with it are at once made aware of the catastrophe. On this point we quote from the New York Commercial Advertiser:—"It would seem to those not familiar with romantic literature, or who have no relish for it, that a well known adventure, resulting in an equally well known horrible catastrophe, could scarcely become the subject for a composition, of which the interest should be sustained throughout, and should become more intense, as the narrator approached nearer to the anticipated and understood conclusion. The History of the Drama, from its origin, proves the contrary, directly, and conclusively;—since it is on the poetry, and much more on the management of the action, that a play depends for its effect. The legends of the house of the Atreidæ, are familiar to every school-boy; but how many thousand tragedies that have given more or less pleasure to the readers or the audience, have been drawn from them in every civilised language! But *genius* is required to overcome the seeming difficulty of the notoriety of the subject; and we believe Mr. Bulwer may safely defy honest criticism to say that he has not so overcome it, in a masterly manner, and without the appearance of effort."

HISTORICAL.

ANECDOTE OF A KENTUCKY PIONEER.

The late John Haggin Esq. of Mercer county, came to Kentucky at an early period. On his arrival the few inhabitants resided principally at Harrodsburgh and Boonsborough. Lexington had not then been settled. Mr. Haggin, desirous of commencing the cultivation of the fertile land in this region of country, made some entries, that is, purchased several tracts from government; among the rest, one at a place near where Harrison, Bourbon, and Fayette counties unite. He commenced the improvement of the place, removed some of the trees, erected a small log house and brought to his new residence some furniture; among other things a few iron kettles, to be used in making sugar, from the sugar trees, which were then and are abundant in that county. Owing to the want of roads and means of transportation, heavy iron utensils were of great value, and but few persons had or could procure them. Shortly after Mr. Haggin commenced working on his new place, the hostility of the savages became so alarming that he was constrained to abandon his cabin and seek security in the fort at Harrodsburgh. Previously, however, to his departure he used the precaution of burying his kettles. He was accompanied to Harrodsburgh by his wife and one child, a daughter, who is now residing in Woodford county, united in marriage to a gentleman of respectability.

Mr. Haggin spent the winter with his family in the fort, where they were somewhat incommoded by the crowd of persons within so small a place.—In the Spring, perceiving no indication of the savages in the vicinity, and desirous of getting out of the fort, he erected a cabin in the valley near the stream from the big spring towards the fort, on the side next to where the town of Harrodsburgh now is, situated less than a quarter of a mile distant from the fort (the fort being on an eminence,) but directly in view. Mr. Haggin and family spent the summer at their little tenement, engaged in domestic concerns and in cultivating a small portion of land; released to be sure, from the confinement of the fort, but under continual apprehensions of a visit from the Indians. Each morning before the door was unbarred, they peeped out of the cabin "illuminated by many a cranny," to spy out the insidious enemy; who it was feared might be lurking about behind logs and trees ready to rush in and murder the family. They remained, however, in a great measure, uninterrupted until fall; when Mr. Haggin determined to revisit his place on this side the river for the purpose of removing some of his kettles to Harrodsburgh, preparatory to making sugar in winter. He sat out in company with an active woodsman that he had hired to assist him. On the second day they came in sight of Mr. Haggin's place, in the edge of what is now Harrison county; they were riding slowly and cautiously along watching for enemies, when, looking forward to the place where the cabin had stood, they perceived that it had just been burned down, and saw three or four Indians sitting near the ruin.

Haggin proposed to his companion that they should fall back and prepare themselves, and return and give the Indians battle. They retreated a few hundred yards, dismounted, took off their exterior clothing retaining only their shirts, legging and mockasins, tied the other clothing on their horses and turned them loose, intending in case of a retreat to regain their horses, but if they could not succeed in that, they deemed it prudent to be lightly clothed that they might fly with more celerity.—Having examined their rifles

and seen that every thing was in order, they set out to attack the enemy. It was arranged that Haggin should proceed on foremost, fire his gun at the savages and retreat to a tree; that his companion should reserve his shot until the enemy approached and then fire and retreat, thus they would fire and load alternately. But this well arranged plan, like many others equally sagacious, proved abortive. Whilst Haggin and his companion were engaged in a council of war, it did not occur to them that the savages had seen them and were concerting plans also.

Mr. Haggin agreeably to the mode of attack agreed on, advanced slowly, his body bent down, casting his eye forward, intently watching for a sight of an Indian to get a shot at. He heard a low voice behind him, he listened; his companion cried out in a quick under tone, Haggin don't you see we are about to be surrounded, let us retreat. Haggin cast his eyes around and saw two hundred Indians rise up from among the cane having nearly surrounded him. He immediately fled, they pursued but did not then fire, lest in shooting across they should kill each other. The two flanks of the ambuscade began rapidly to close upon Haggin. He directed his steps towards his horse which was quietly feeding on the cane; Haggin was a very active man, and a fleet runner; but some of the savages appeared to equal him. He reached his horse and sprang from the ground intending to leap into the saddle from behind. As he placed his hands on his horse's rump, an Indian ran the muzzle of his gun against Haggin's side and fired.—That moment Haggin leaped, at the same instant the horse being alarmed sprang also, Haggin fell and thought he was mortally wounded; but feeling no pain rebounded to his feet and fled exerting his whole strength; the savages perceiving that he had escaped and was ahead of them, commenced firing on him, and perhaps one hundred bullets were thus commissioned to kill; but none took effect. The chase was kept up for some hours, when the Indians finding it fruitless, ceased the pursuit. Haggin being very hot and much fatigued, went into a creek to cool his limbs. After he came out, he sat down at the root of a tree and fell asleep; when he waked he discovered that it was snowing, and the air had become cold and he was much chilled. Having time now to think, the horrors of his situation rose to his view; he had lost his horse, gun and clothes; he was forty miles from Harrodsburgh, and twenty-five miles from the nearest other station which was Boonsborough; without food or the means of getting any, night coming on, snow falling, no blanket to keep him warm, nor means of striking fire, he might perhaps freeze to death. He determined to steer for Boonsborough. After indescribable difficulty in making his way through the (reloaded with snow, and suffering from cold, loss of sleep, and fatigue, he reached Boonsborough the next morning. Having eaten something he laid down, and slept from that time until the following morning.

In the meantime the man who accompanied Mr. Haggin had got to Harrodsburgh and reported that he was killed, overwhelming his wife with the distressing intelligence.

Haggin on the day of his arrival sat out from Boonsborough, accompanied by a Mr. Pendegrast, (the same whose family afterwards lived in Jefferson or Bullit county) for Harrodsburgh. The wife of Mr. Pendegrast had been staying for some time with Mrs. Haggin in a little tenement near the fort at Harrodsburgh. Haggin had supplied himself with clothing and a gun before he left Boonsborough. The two friends journeyed on without interruption until they arrived at a little eminence near Mr. Haggin's residence. On casting

their eyes to the spot where they expected to find what was most dear to them on earth—their wives and children, what must have been their astonishment and horror when they beheld the cabin a smoky ruin and one or two hundred savages around the place. Haggin's feelings were now wrought up to desperation, he called on Pendegrast to follow, saying he no longer valued life, now his wife and children were all murdered; that he would die, but sell his life dear to the enemy. Pendegrast accompanied him, they rushed directly up to where the Indians were standing.—The reckless manner in which they approached excited the surprise of the savages, they stood inactive not making any attempt to injure the two desperate men. At this moment one or both of them cast a look towards the fort, and saw or thought they saw, their wives on the walls of the fort waving their handkerchiefs to them. The desire of living immediately returned to their hearts. They changed their course, and sprung towards the fort.—The Indians raised the yell, darted after them, and many guns were fired. Both of the white men fell in full view of the fort; the wives screamed, believing their husbands were slain. In a moment Haggin was on his feet again, he rushed forward, the savages in close pursuit; one struck him on the back with his tomahawk, it proved harmless; the gate flew open, and he was received with a shout of joy in the arms of his wife, having escaped entirely unhurt; his fall had been accidental. But poor Pendegrast fell to rise no more. His friends from the fort saw the savages take the scalp from his head.

MISCELLANY.

EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKES AT SEA.—The sea shares in the agitation of the solid earth. Ships feel every shock as if they had struck on a shoal, and loose articles lying on their decks are often thrown several feet into the air, showing the violence of the upward movement communicated to the water.

The sea often deserts the coast, and returns immediately in a terrific wave (that of Lisbon and the coast of Spain in 1755 was 50 feet high) which sweeps over the shore, and must leave lasting traces of its devastating power. It is probably caused by the sudden upheaving of a portion of the bed of the sea, the first effect of which would be to raise a body of water over the elevated part, its momentum carrying it much above the level it would afterwards assume and causing a draught or receding of the water from the neighboring coasts, immediately followed by the return of the displaced water, which will be also impelled by its momentum much further and higher on the coast than its former level. The undulatory shocks of the earthquake of 1755 travelled over sea and land at the rate of twenty miles in a minute, as appears from the interval between the time when the first shock was felt at Lisbon, and that of its occurrence at distant places, in the West Indies, Scotland, Norway, Switzerland, Italy and North Africa. The earthquake felt in 1750 uplifted the bed of the sea to the height of twenty-four feet at the least, and it seems probable that the adjoining coast shared in the elevation, for an enormous bed of shells, of the same species as those now living in the bay, is seen raised above high water mark along the beach. These shells; as well as others which cover the adjoining hills of mica-schist, to the height even of fifteen hundred feet, have been identified with some taken at the same time in a living state from the bay. There is, therefore, every reason to conclude, that the whole extent of this coast, so often visited by severe earthquakes, has suffered a very

great amount of elevation within an exceedingly recent period.

HAITIAN EXECUTIONER.—At Port-au-Prince, among the other things to which a stranger's attention is called, is a savage ruffian-like black man named Gattle, who labors as a porter. He walks about bare-footed, dressed in a linen shirt and trousers, with a large beard, and his eyes fixed on the ground. This fellow was Christophe's chief executioner, of whom it is told that, when directed to perform the duties of his office, he invariably waited on the relatives of his victim, and demanded a fee, in proportion to which he inflicted more or less torture on the unhappy sufferer. He had attained from practice such an unenviable dexterity in decapitation, that for a proper remuneration he could with his sabre remove the head at one stroke, and by the instant prostration of the trunk, avoid staining the collar with blood. At least such is the tale told, when shuddering at his ill-omened countenance, he is pointed out by those who remember him in all his glory and iniquity.

SCOTTISH CUSTOMS.—These customs still linger in the south of Scotland. The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabines, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females, that the objects of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion, a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride, which is also a rite of classic antiquity. In like manner, the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favorable for the purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell, that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted among the Scots, that, in 1684, a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman Pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice. The ancients have given us a maxim, that it is only bad women who marry in that month.

NIAGARA.—The fall of Niagara is an instance of the power running water may exercise in altering the features of a country. It is calculated that, by the nap and fall of the hard limestone rock, over which the river is precipitated into a softer shale formation beneath, the cataract retrogrades towards Lake Erie at the rate of fifty yards in forty years. The distance already travelled by it, from the lower opening of the narrow gorge it has evidently cut by this process, is seven miles and the remaining distance to be performed, before it reaches Lake Erie, is twenty-five. Had the limestone platform been less extensive, this enormous basin might have been already drained, as it must ultimately be, when the fall has receded to its margin, its average depth being far less than the height of the cataract.

SHERIDAN'S "DUENNA."—There is an anecdote connected with the first appearance of the *Duenna*, which the press has not hitherto told. The last rehearsal but one was just over, when Sheridan said to Linley, as they quitted the boards—"Sir, I admire all your music, except the friar's glee, 'This bottle's the sun of our table.' I can't sing, but if I could, it would not be such a tune as yours, under the circumstances in which these reverend and good-living fathers are placed." "My dear friend," said Linley, "why did you not mention your objection before! it is now too late for alteration. The opera comes out to-morrow night." "Not too late at all," replied Sheridan, "imbibe a little inspiration from a flash of your best Burgundy, and the task will be done." In walking home from the theatre, a new air struck the composer; he reduced it to score on his return, sent the parts early to the singers, and in the morning it was tried at the last rehearsal with the new arrangement. Sheridan heard it with evident pleasure—"My dear Sir," said he, "that is the very tune I had in my mind when I wrote the words; but unfortunately, my musical education was too meagre to allow of my reducing it to crotchets and quavers. Be assured, Sir, it *will grind!*" meaning that it would become so popular as to get on to the barrel-organs in the streets. And he was prophetic—it was encored at night, and was soon heard in every corner of London.

IMMENSE RAFTS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—One of the most interesting features of this river is the enormous rafts of drift timber it floats towards the sea, occasionally depositing them for a time, together with vast beds of mud and gravel, in some of its deserted channels. One of these rafts is described by Darby, in 1816, as *ten miles* in length, about two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep. It is continually increasing by the addition of fresh drift-wood, and rises and falls with the water on which it floats—evidently waiting only an extraordinary flood to bear it off into the gulf of Mexico, where far greater deposits of the same kind are in progress at the extremity of the delta.

Opposite the opening of the Mississippi large rafts of drift timber are met with, matted into a network, many yards in thickness, and stretching over *hundreds of square leagues!* They afterwards become covered with a fine mud, on which other layers of trees are deposited the year ensuing, until numerous alternations of earthy and vegetable matter are accumulated. The geologist will recognise in this relation of Darby the type of the formation of the ancient lignites and coal-fields.

ICEBERGS.—Icebergs are probably active instruments in the transportation of gravel and rocks, from the mountainous shores against which they form in high latitudes, to the bottom of the distant seas where the ice is dissolved. Scoresby counted five hundred icebergs in latitude 69° and 70° north. Many contained strata of earth and stone, or were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness. Such ice islands, before they are melted, have drifted from Baffin's Bay to the Azores, and from the South Pole to the neighborhood of the Cape.

TIT FOR TAT.—Mr. A. is a merchant; does a considerable business. Farmer G. came into his store the other day—it was a cold one—to trade off a few bushels of wheat, which is very high just at this time. The bargain was concluded, and the farmer was to take his pay in salt. The store is as elastic as some merchants' consciences. The bags of wheat were brought in, and the

measuring of their contents commenced. All at once the merchant's feet were insufferably cold. As the grain was emptied into the measure, the merchant stamped violently around it,—to warm his feet. The poor farmer could not complain that the honest merchant should wish to promote circulation and get his feet warm but his grain settled perceptibly with every stamp from the merchant's feet, and the six bushels he brought to the market held out but five and a half on a second measurement. Old farmers sometimes 'know a thing or two. Mr. G. said nothing; but proceeded to the measuring of the salt that he was to receive in pay for his wheat. The merchant's feet had got warm by this time; he was as light 'on the fantastic toe' as if he were walking on eggs. Not so with the farmer. As the salt began to run into the half bushel his feet were suddenly seized with the cold. Being a heavy rustic, he stamped vehemently. 'Tut, tut,' says the merchant, 'your jumping shakes down the salt too much!' 'Not more than yours shook down my wheat, I guess,' said the farmer. When the business was completed, there was about an even trade between merchant A. and farmer G. Verily justice is sometimes done in the earth.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—"One day, as the first Consul went down to review the troops in the Court of the Tuileries, an event occurred of so singular a nature as to draw attention and excite interest. Amongst the crowd assembled there was a lad of fifteen dressed in an old black coat very much worn, but clean and indicating that its wearer did not belong to the lower classes of society. His countenance was interesting; pale, trembling violently, as his neighbors observed, and putting his hand frequently into his bosom, he seemed impatiently to await the arrival of the First Consul. When the drums gave the signal, the emotion of the lad became so strong that his chest was seen to rise from the beating of his heart. The First Consul came down, and when he was about the middle of the vestibule the youth precipitated himself towards him, and offered him a paper. There were so many plots at this period, so many attempts upon the life of the First Consul, that twenty persons not belonging to his retinue immediately seized the boy who, with his hand raised, and casting a supplicating look at the First Consul, still continued to offer his petition. 'Let the young man go,' said Napoleon, 'I will speak to him;' and, advancing towards him said, 'Who are you, my child?' The youth could not answer; but, falling upon his knees, presented his petition. The First Consul read it with an expression of countenance which struck all who were near him. He then fixed his eyes upon the lad who was still kneeling, and said with an expression of the deepest sympathy. 'Rise, my good boy; you must kneel only to God. Is your mother still at Paris?' An almost inarticulate *yes* was the reply. 'Tell her she has a pension of twelve hundred francs, and six months of arrears shall be paid to her.' 'On hearing these words the poor boy fell again upon his knees.' He raised at the same time, his eyes full of tears and his hands towards the First Consul, whose hands he endeavoured to take. But the emotion was too strong. On learning the favor conferred upon his mother, his paleness, which was before extreme, had redoubled. He soon became purple, the veins of his forehead swelled as if they were going to burst—his eyes closed, and he fell senseless at the feet of the First Consul; but, nature assisting herself, an abundant hemorrhage ensued, and Napoleon was covered with the poor boy's blood. 'A surgeon,' cried he, 'a surgeon.' But it is said that joy is never fatal, and yet I have seen the reverse. Be that as it may, the youth came to his senses, and bursting into tears, forcibly seized the hand of the First Consul, and kissed it with transport. 'You are a God for my family,' said he, 'I will pray every day for you.' The First Consul smiled, and pressing the boy's hand continued to advance towards his horse, but, before he mounted, recommended the youth to Junot and to the war minister;

then giving him a friendly nod, said, "If you will enter the service, apply to the commandant of Paris, he will speak to the war minister, and we shall see what can be done for you."—"Yes, I will serve!" cried the youth, "I also will be a soldier, that one ray of glory may fall upon my brows." This young man was the son of Monsieur Delauney, the governor of the Bastille, who was massacred on the 14th of July, 1789!"

STRONG TEA.—A gentleman in Boston once told the first President Adams, that he had become strangely timid, that he dared not keep the side walks, but walked in the middle of the street, being constantly apprehensive that the tile on the houses would fall on his head. The president asked him if he made a free use of tea, and being answered in the affirmative, he recommended to him to use it more sparingly and he would probably be benefited by the change. By pursuing this advice, he was relieved, and was soon able to return to the side walks without fear.

THE DEVIL ALOFT.—On board of a ship, Capt. V. master, it became necessary in the night, to reef the top-sails; the sails were lowered and the reef tackle hauled out, when the sailors ascended the mast; but to the surprise of the captain, they soon came down in great terror, crying out that the devil was in the top, they knew him by his horns, flashing eyes, and grisly beard. No commands or threats from the captain could avail, to induce them to make another attempt. All other orders they were willing to obey, but to encounter the devil on the topmast was too much. The affair began to grow serious, for the topsail was quivering and shivering in the wind. The captain and officers resolved with courage to ascend, but they, too, were driven in terror to the deck. It was now agreed, be their fate what it may, to wait till the morning; when by daylight it was discovered, that an old goat was seated on the top, with its glaring eyes staring the seamen in the face. It appeared that the goat was sleeping on the halliards while coiled in a tub, and was by that means hoisted up to the top without the knowledge of any one.

VOLCANOES.—The number of principal volcanoes known to be occasionally in eruption is upwards of two hundred; but thousands of mountains of similar form and structure, and bearing the marks of (geologically speaking) exceedingly recent activity, are scattered around and between them, the fires of which, though to all appearance slumbering, are likely in many instances to break forth again, since nothing can be more common than the renewal of eruptions from volcanic hills which had never been in activity within the range of tradition. The subterranean fire is observed to shift its outward development capriciously from one point to another, occasionally returning again to its earlier vents, according to circumstances, with some of which we are probably not yet acquainted, but which seem chiefly to consist in the accumulation both of congealed lava and ejected fragments, by which every habitual vent tends continually to block up its channels of discharge.

THOMAS MOORE.—Mr. Moore's has been the *beau-ideal* of a literary career. His genius was early appreciated, and, therefore rewarded. His assistance in the Irish and other Melodies was acknowledged by Power, the music seller, and their publisher, in an annuity of £500 per annum. For Lalla Rookh he received £3000 from Messrs. Longman & Co.; £2000 for the Life of Sheridan; and, we believe, £6000 from Murray for his Life of Byron.—We quote these sums as the best proof of his popularity; for we may be quite sure that the bookseller's reward is for value received; that it should be so is but just. Mr. Moore's genius was truly (though fancifully) characterised by Sheridan, who said "There was no man who put so much heart in his fancy as Tom

Moore; that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat."

A mortal fever once prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw overboard the bodies of those who died from time to time. One day when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the fore-castle a sick man, who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating bitterly against the cruelty of burying him *alive*. "What are you going to do with that man, you black d—l?" said the captain. "Goin to trow him overboard, Massa, cause he dead!" replied the negro. "Dead, you scoundrel!" says the captain, "don't you see that he moves and speaks?" "Yes, massa," replied the negro, "I know he say he no dead, but he always lie so nobody know when to believe him!"

EPIGRAMS.

ON THREE LADIES.

Beneath this stone three wives are laid,
They're still at last, and rest together;
They buried were with much parade,
Their good spouse caring not a feather.
As marriage by many is reckon'd a curse,
These three he did marry for better or worse;
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
And the third to ensure him a doctress and nurse.

ON A MISER NAMED MORE.

Iron was his Chest,
Iron was his door;
His hand was iron,
And his heart was *more*.

ON A FAVORITE OLD CARPENTER.

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by *railing*, though he was no wit;
Old *saws* he had, although no antiquarian,
And *stiles* he mended, yet was no grammarian.

ON RICHELIEU, BY BENSERADE.

Beneath this marble Richelieu lies,
Believe me, for I swear 'tis true;
And what calls forth my deepest sighs
Here with him lies my pension too.

ON A MAN WITHOUT CHARACTER.

Silence is wisdom.

DRESSING.

What is the reason, can you guess,
Why men are poor, and women thinner;
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner.

THE LACONIC FEMALE.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of 'larum runs,
Two phrases answer every part;
One gain'd, one breaks, her husband's heart:
I will, she said, when made a bride,
I wont, through all her life beside.

FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

My gentle sister, let this leaf
A moral point, a lesson bear;
It may be prosing, dull as brief,
Yet *much* may be recorded there.
Mine is the power this page to fill,
With stains, or words far worse than stains,
Yet be the language good or ill,
The tracing of my pen remains.
So with the mind—the stamp it takes
In youth, to age it will retain;—
Then watch and pray for that which makes
An impress deep without a stain.

THE LAW.

BREACH OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.

COLLINS v. BRIDGER.—This case was tried at Lewes, on Tuesday.—Mr. Gurney for the plaintiff, stated that this was an action brought by the plaintiff, Miss Sarah Collins, to recover compensation in damages for a breach of the defendant's promise to marry her, and detailed all the particulars of the case, as afterwards given in evidence.

Mr. Moore, a farmer, residing at Brimsted, in Sussex, stated that he knew both the plaintiff and the defendant intimately, the plaintiff being the daughter of a respectable farmer in the witness's neighborhood, but who had been some time ago unfortunate in his business, and became reduced in circumstances, so much so, that the plaintiff was under the necessity of going into the service of the defendant and his brother, who are considerable farmers in the same neighborhood, as housekeeper. Witness heard nothing on the subject of an intended marriage between the parties until the 10th of February last, when he met the defendant at the market at Chichester, and defendant then told him that he had a confidence to repose in him, by communicating to him his intention to marry Miss Collins immediately, and the 14th of the same month was fixed, he said, for the marriage. He requested witness to procure a carriage at Brighton to convey the party to the church, and the defendant purchased five pair of gloves to give away as presents, and the wedding-ring. Witness went with the defendant also to Brighton, to procure a marriage license, but it was refused to them there, because neither of the parties lived at Brighton; and they were afterwards obliged to get a license at Chichester, near which all the parties resided. Witness spoke to the defendant about the disparity of age between himself and the plaintiff, the latter being much older, but the defendant's reply was he cared nothing about age, all he wanted was a comfortable home and fire-side, and a good "house cat" [roars of laughter.] In two days after witness heard that the marriage was broken off, and he spoke to the defendant on the subject, and the defendant's reply was, that he should marry or not, just as he liked, and all the devils in b—l should not compel him to marry if he did not choose it [laughter.]

In cross-examination by Mr. Adolphus, who, with Mr. Long, conducted the defence, the witness said that he believed the plaintiff to be about forty years of age, and the defendant twenty-nine. He would not answer whether or not he was paying his addresses to the plaintiff's sister, who is younger, but only by a year or so. The defendant and his brother held a farm of about 340 acres, which they farmed, but not so much as 400 acres, as Mr. Gurney had stated. He did not believe that the plaintiff was forty-six years old; she was rather older looking than she really was.

Miss Mary Ann Collins examined: Said she was sister to the plaintiff; she had been at the defendant's house on Saturday night previous to the marriage being broken off; the defendant had arranged that the marriage should take place on the Monday, and told the witness to be ready to accompany them to church; he said he should make all his relations acquainted with it the next day, and fixed that his brother, who was present, should make the communication to his sisters; but witness found the next day that the marriage was broken off altogether by the defendant; her sister was then taken very ill, at the defendant's house, and witness saw her in bed, but in a few days she was able to be removed, and was taken home to her family; witness knows that her sister is not yet quite 41 years

of age; her sister has never since recovered the effects of her disappointment.

This was the plaintiff's case.

Mr. Adolphus, for the defence, addressed the Jury in a speech of great humour and ridicule, and kept the audience in roars of laughter from the beginning to the end. He dwelt particularly on the fact that Mr. Gurney had opened to the Jury, but which had never been touched on the evidence—namely, that the plaintiff had, by the defendant's conduct, been driven to an attempt on her own life by taking a quantity of laudanum. The truth, the Learned Counsel said, was, that the whole was a plan laid by this old lady of 40 to entrap the defendant into marriage, and the promise that was made to her was in consequence of her having told the defendant that she was in the family way by him, and three months gone; but when the defendant found that there was not a word of truth in this, and that the lady had broken her part of the contract by not presenting him with a bouncing boy or girl, he thought the agreement no longer binding.

The following witnesses were then called for the defence:—

John Bridger said, that he was brother to the defendant, with whom he was joint occupier of a farm, left by their father to them. It consisted of 324 acres, but it had been left to them encumbered with the marriage portions of five sisters, and some debts, all of which they had paid since their father's death. They had sunk money in the farm, and it was far from being very profitable. The plaintiff was taken into the service of his brother and himself as housekeeper, about 18 months ago, and had 17 guineas a year wages. They took her because her friends had been respectable and unfortunate, and as they wanted a housekeeper, their sisters being all married.

Witness believes the plaintiff to be 45 years of age, and she is any thing but attractive in her appearance, and looks much older than she even is, being quite grey [loud laughter.] He recollected the plaintiff saying, after the defendant refused to marry her, that she had taken a bottle-full of laudanum, and a doctor was sent for, but he did not come, as the plaintiff got better.

Mrs. Coote, one of the defendant's sisters, said that she was at her brother's house one evening after the defendant refused to marry the plaintiff, and the latter threw herself on her knees and begged forgiveness, for that she was in the family way by the defendant, and if he did not make her happy by marrying her, that she must destroy herself. Witness remonstrated, and said that the difference of their ages was so great, that the plaintiff could be the defendant's mother.

Witness believed the plaintiff to be in the 47th year, at least so she had heard from the clergyman of the parish where the registry of her birth was kept, and she looked to be more than 50. While witness was at her brother's house, the plaintiff went up stairs, and when she came down again she said she had taken as much poison as would kill a dozen people; that it was the most deadly poison, and she should be a dead woman in five minutes. Witness and her brother immediately ordered a physician to be sent for; but when the servant was about to start, the plaintiff said she had taken the poison, but that she had afterwards thrown it up, and she believed she should live without a doctor or a stomach-pump that was spoken of. It could not be true, the witness said, that the plaintiff had thrown up any poison or anything else, because she had never been out of the witness's sight from the moment she said she had taken the poison until the time she spoke of having thrown it off her stomach. Witness attempted to administer hot water and other

remedies to her, but she declined taking them. She was, however, put to bed, and in the course of a day after she removed home to her friends.

The witness said that the defendant was not quite 29 years old, and she knew, from his family affairs, that he was not in possession of sufficient property to entitle him to marriage, which she had told the plaintiff would be a sufficient objection if there was no other, and that it would be at this time a serious injury to both brothers if they were to separate, by one of them getting married.

The case for the defence here closed, and Mr. Gurney was about to reply upon the defendant's evidence, when an arrangement took place, which ended in a verdict being taken by consent for the plaintiff—Forty Shillings damages.

The court was crowded with fashionably-dressed females from all parts of the county to hear this trial, which lasted almost the whole day.

COURT OF REQUESTS—GUILDHALL.

A HORSE SHAVED.—A gentleman named Wells was summoned before the Commissioners by Thomas Field, a hair-dresser, for the sum of thirty shillings, the price demanded by the plaintiff for shaving a horse.

The plaintiff swore that the defendant brought to him a horse to be shaved, for the purpose of "showing a new coat" upon the animal. The horse had been attempted to be shaved by the defendant, on part of the stern, but from want of skill in the art, the poor beast was most miserably notched. The defendant got tired after four hour's work, and then handed over the job to the plaintiff. The razors of the shop were in great requisition for ten days, during which the shaving was going forward, and the plaintiff was obliged as he proceeded, to wrap up the bald parts to protect the horse from cold. The Commissioners, he said, could not possibly judge of the difficulty of shaving a horse from themselves—(a laugh.) It was quite a different sort of a business, and he defied any man to "go over" such a sized animal for less than three shillings a day, and to go over the chins of his usual customers at the same time.

Mr. Meyers, (one of the Commissioners) asked what objection was made to the charge?

The defendant said that he considered the sum of thirty shillings for merely taking the hair off a horse, entirely too much, especially as he (defendant) had done a good deal of the job himself.

The hair dresser declared that the part upon which the defendant had operated was so badly done, that if it had not been shaved again the coat would have been as rough as a hedgehog, while all the rest was as smooth as a new born babe—(laughter.)

The defendant said that any horse clipper would have completed the business for a great deal less money.

The hair dresser said that it was quite impossible. He had never shaved a horse before, but it was a regular sweater.

Mr. Meyers asked the defendant what he generally paid for a shave himself.

The defendant (teeling his chin)—Why, two pence I think is generally the price.

Mr. Meyers—Aye, a penny a cheek. Now, how many of your jaws would make up the size of a horse?—(a laugh.)

The defendant said there was less delicacy necessary in shaving a horse than a man.

Mr. Meyers—Not a bit more than shaving an ass—(laughter.)

The hair dresser—Look at the leather and the chance of a kick!—(laughter.) Besides I went over the beast as clean as possible. I turned him out as smooth as my hand, down to the fetlock.

Mr. Meyers said that he was surprised at the refusal to pay 30s. for the job. Indeed, he always thought it

impossible to perform a thing of the kind, and he believed that to be the general belief; for it was not usual for people to say, when they heard a bouncing fib, "Next comes a horse to be shaved!"—[loud laughter.]

The hair dresser said that it was a hard matter to shave some parts of the horse, because the skin here and there hitched very much. For his part, he'd rather "go over" a whole regiment of soldiers.

The defendant was then ordered to pay to the hair-dresser the 30s. and costs.

THE SPORTSMAN.

The Baltimore Sporting Magazine, for February, contains decidedly the most beautiful engraving heretofore published in that work. It is a representation of deer hunting by night, on the water. The Editor has displayed a fine taste in the selection of so exquisite a picture, as well as great liberality in causing it to be so highly finished. No doubt the supporters of that work will dwell on its beauties with as much pleasure as we have experienced in contemplating them. We annex the article of which it is an illustration.

DEER HUNTING BY LAMP LIGHT.

How little is the public aware of the privations experienced by the officers of our army, with mental cultivation and qualities to enjoy all the social refinements that are the growth of dense and opulent population; yet, called by duty to stand sentinel on distant outposts in the west, far beyond the utmost limit of civilized life—

"No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and the sword."

Happily, this want of the means of social amusement is, in some measure, supplied by *abundance of game*, the pursuit of which refreshes at once the body and the spirits. Hence we hear of feats of horsemanship and marksmanship by our officers, the Scotts, the Masons, &c. &c. unequalled in the sporting annals of any country. A good rifle, or bird gun, with a setter or a leash of grey hounds, seem to constitute, in their state of alienation and banishment from their family and friends their principal delight. How often have we wished that we could join them on the boundless prairie, in chase of the surly snapping wolf or the antler'd deer, flying along with the swiftness of the winds.

UPPER MISSISSIPPI, June 9, 1831.

MR. EDITOR—It is the habit of deer to frequent the creeks and rivers, in the night during the warm months, particularly when the musketoes are troublesome, and to wade in the water some distance according to its depth, and there remain for several hours at a time. I will endeavor to describe to you a very common, but I presume to some of your Atlantic and European readers, a novel mode of hunting and killing them, in this country, whilst they are thus in and along the edges of the streams. After having procured a canoe as light as possible, but at the same time sufficiently large to carry two men, get a piece of thin plank, about three or four feet long, and about one foot wide, commence about a foot from one end, and trim it down to the other, like the handle of a paddle, and fix it in the prow of the canoe like a mast, the broad end uppermost; in front of this broad part is fixed a little shelf, upon which is placed (and securely tied) a common tin lantern, with a lighted candle, a reflecting lamp, that would give a brilliant light would be much better, though I have never tried it; the lantern to be without a door, and your boat is

then fixed for the night's hunt. The object of the broad part of the board in the rear of the lantern, and to which the shelf is affixed, is to prevent the light of the candle from shining in your face and blinding you. You then embark, and paddle slowly along the shore of the creek or river, taking great care not to make the least noise with the paddle, by splashing in the water, or striking the sides of the canoe. A person well skilled in paddling, whilst thus cautiously approaching, will paddle altogether on one side, and without ever taking his paddle out of the water; after making his stroke, he will very softly turn it edge-ways in the water, (the edges should be perfectly sharp) and slowly reach forward to take another stroke. In this way, you may actually approach the deer, sometimes so close as to strike them with the paddle. So soon as you get in sight of the deer, they commence gazing at the light, and pay no attention to surrounding objects, but become alarmed by the least noise: even the clicking of the trigger, if you are not careful in cocking your gun; or the slightest noise made in the water with the paddle, will frighten them off.

After discovering the deer, the prow of the canoe should be kept directly towards them, so that the light will shine in their eyes. The person who shoots, should be seated immediately in rear of the lantern, so that in taking aim, the gun will be projected a little in front of the light, which, shining on the muzzle, will enable him to fire with the greatest certainty, it is not often that you have to shoot at a greater distance, than some ten, fifteen or twenty steps.

This is a very easy and successful manner of killing deer. I knew last summer, within my own knowledge, an old Frenchman, at Prairie des Chiens, to kill *seven in one night!* Young hunters are sometimes unsuccessful, merely for the want of a little caution and patience, those necessary and indispensable attributes to ensure success.

WAH-O-PE-KAH.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

WASHINGTON'S VIEWS OF SLAVERY.—In a letter to Sir J. Sinclair, dated 11th December, 1776, Washington thus emphatically gives his opinion why foreign emigrants should prefer Pennsylvania to any of the slave States, and why the lands of the former state are more valuable than those of Virginia, "because there are laws here for the gradual abolition of slavery, which neither of the two States above mentioned have at present, but which nothing is more certain than that they must have, and at a period not remote."

VOYAGING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Joseph Bailey of the island opposite Jersey Shore, in endeavoring to secure a flat boat, which lay near the lower end of the Island, exposed to the loose ice, ventured into it, and at that moment a large quantity of ice came in contact with the boat, broke the rope by which it was fastened, and drove it past the point of the island. The river being entirely covered with floating ice, his lamentable cries for assistance were in vain—no human power could rescue him from his perilous situation. About midnight several citizens of Jersey Shore arrived at this borough and gave the alarm. A light was placed upon the bank of the river to attract his attention, and in a few minutes he passed by, without the least possibility of saving him. He informed us that he was almost perishing with cold and fatigue, and that he was not able to escape from the ice with which he at first started.—All hope of saving him except at the bridges was now abandoned—and an express sent on to Milton to make preparations. He passed over the race ground rapids, and through the breach of the Muncy dam before day-light! and arrived

at Milton about nine o'clock in the morning after a voyage of near fifty miles. The spirited citizens of Milton, whose conduct upon this occasion is deserving of the highest praise, had every means prepared to save the life of a fellow being which ingenuity could invent, and it is with unbounded pleasure we state that they were successful. He was drawn up by a rope suspended from the bridge, amid the shouts of the assembled multitude.

A mill was carried away by a freshet, and a miller rowing after it, wrote on the door,

Here goes my old mill down the water,
A darn'd sight furdur than it ought to!

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The editor of the Gloucester Telegraph in alluding to the patronage of his paper, says it has 1200 borrowers, but the number of subscribers is too small to be mentioned.

A meeting of the creditors of Remington, Stephenson & Co. (Rowland Stephenson) took place Dec. 23d, in Basinghall street, London. Additional debts were proved to rather above £2,000. The total amount of claims as yet is £490,729. A further dividend of two pence in the pound was declared. The amount of previous dividends is 9s 6d in the pound.

CATS ATTACKED WITH THE CHOLERA.—It is asserted in the London Morning Herald, that the cats in the Island are suffering from the cholera morbus. Those animals in many instances, have been seized with sudden convulsions; in such cases they continue mewing piteously till their final struggle, which generally ensues within 18 hours after the commencement of the attack. It is said that about twenty of the feline race have already perished in this extraordinary manner.

EARLY RISING.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant, of the borough of Leicester, is the following clause relative to early rising. "As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct them that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed in business or taken exercise in the open air, from 5 o'clock every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from 7 o'clock in the morning from the 10th of October to the 3th of April, being two hours every morning, for two whole years, to the satisfaction of my executors who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well, and if they will not do this they shall not receive any share of my property."

THE ART OF FALLING FLAT.—"The Vegetable Tribes had lustily shot forth their tendrils, and opened their petals to woo the invigorating embrace of the solar ray. I had strolled out, and sauntered along a road which ran parallel with a deep and impetuous river. A few weeping willows threw their branches across my path while immediately on my right a grove of stately pines spread their dark foliage to the sky. Indulging in the melancholy, yet pleasing train of ideas such a scene and such an hour are fitted to produce, I seated myself upon THE STUMP ———" * * * * *

A sailor passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street. The master coming out and desiring to know the reason of this strange proceeding, "Why," replied Jack, "should not every tub stand upon its own bottom."

ANECDOTE.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, one day argued in company that diet was apt to affect the disposition of persons, and that they would naturally partake of the disposition of the animal on which they

fed. "If that be the case," observed a lady present, "you must be a great lover of pork."

A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, "of an instance I knew, of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was, that he was a very great calf."

I once had a constant and troublesome visiter, whom I tried many ways to disoblige. First, I essayed smoke, which he bore like a badger; then fire, which he bore like a salamander. At last, I lent him five dollars, and have not seen him since.

A very singular sort of a man, sent for a magistrate to write his will. After mentioning a number of bequests, he went on—"Item, I give and bequeath to my beloved brother, Zack, one thousand dollars." "Why you are not worth half that sum in the world," interrupted the magistrate. "Well no matter if I a'nt," replied the other, "it's my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind to."

Remember, that if you marry for beauty thou bindest all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee for one year, and when thou hast it, it will be of no price at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

We lately saw in some of the papers that Mr. Jacob Long Little had petitioned one of the Legislatures for liberty to throw away the 'Long' from his name; thus verifying the correctness of the poet's idea:—

"Man wants but *Little* here below,
Nor wants that little *Long*."

NAPOLEON'S CHAIR.—When the late Mr. Huskisson was in office, he was presented with the chair which the exiled emperor usually sat in during his dismal sojourn at Longwood. This relic Mr. Huskisson appeared to set a great value on, and a place was appropriated for it in his library. He had a small brass plate affixed on the chair, on which were engraved the following lines from Byron's *Ode to Napoleon*:—

Nor till thy fall could mortals guess,
Ambition's less than nothingness.

ORANGE PROCESSIONS.—We were not before aware that the processions and the baneful effects of Orange lodges, extended to Scotland. By the London Courier of the 31st December, we however perceive that the High Court of Judiciary of Scotland tried at Edinburgh on the 28th, two men, members of Orange lodges, on a charge of having murdered an individual in an affray which arose during an armed procession of Orange lodges into and through the town of Girvan. One of them was found guilty and sentenced to be executed at Ayr. The Lord Chief Justice in speaking of the processions, said, he held such to be legal, when for purposes of amusement or to express political opinion, if properly conducted, but the character of such procession was completely changed, if the parties, or any number of them, went armed.

FAMILY ADVERTISEMENT.—One hundred dollars reward.—All persons are hereby cautioned not to trust my wife, Mary Ann Gondulfo, who has eloped from my bed and board, with George Tores, an organ player, with one hand, about forty years of age, who dresses generally in sailor's clothes, with dark brown and large whiskers. The said Mary plays on the tambourine and guitar, and sings both French and English to his playing. She has eloped from me at Baltimore with \$260. A reward of \$100 will be given for the apprehension of either of them at Philadelphia. *Jerome Gondulfo*, 131 Lombard street.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—In Middlesmithfield, Pike Co. Pa. 10th ult. three young men, Daniel and Micheal Walter, and Barnet Decker, the two former the sons of Barnet Walter, the latter the son of Henry Decker, Esq. being in the woods on a hunt, came to a spring, where Decker, laying his gun upon a log on which there was a crust of snow, laid down to allay his thirst: whilst in the act of drinking, the gun commenced sliding on the crust, and when in a direction over him, and in a direct line with Daniel Walter, who stood about a rod distant, the gun went off half cocked;—the ball having passed through both his thighs, breaking one of them, took an entire different course, and entered the thigh of Micheal, who stood within about ten or fifteen feet from his brother. Daniel, aged 16, lived only 28 hours—Michael still survives.

Lord Chesterfield being apprised of the probability that he would die *by inches*, replied with a smile, "If that is the case, I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir James Robinson."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

PALESTINE, OR THE HOLY LAND; *by the Rev. Mr. Russell*.—No. 27, *Harper's Family Library*.

Under the above title we are presented with a volume of 330 pages in the customary neatness of the Family Library. From the large mass of materials, in reach of every one who has leisure and patience to trace the Jewish history, the reverend author has selected with judgment and arranged with perspicuity, enough to enable the general reader to acquire the history of the Hebrews, and to understand the geography of the land which they inherited by promise. To the greater portion of general readers this volume will be a more welcome visiter perhaps than any of its predecessors. The facilities which it affords those not deeply read in history of comprehending the chronology and geography of the Scriptures, will render it a book of common and assiduous study in every house that contains a Bible, and it is but charitable to infer that there are but few destitute. The style of the work is pleasing—we had almost said fascinating—and the candor with which the author descends on the wars and customs of the "peculiar people" entitles him to high praises on the score of liberal views and absence from all blind zeal and bigotry. We have no doubt the work will meet with extensive approbation.

An Essay on Demonology, Witchcraft, Ghosts and Apparitions, &c. By James Thacher, M. D. Boston, published by Carter & Hendee.

This is a sprightly little volume, full of familiar illustrations of the absurdity of yielding belief to preternatural appearances, and superstitions once popular, but hardly now meriting that general appellation. This book seems well calculated to efface from the minds of youth the effects of those frightful and foolish stories now confined to the nurseries and firesides of the uninformed. The belief in these relics of barbarous and heathen times is combated in a lively vein, and for the most part with judiciously selected commonplace incidents, happily chosen to refute such absurd notions. We could have wished that the author had omitted one or two instances, not susceptible of the clearest explanations: particularly as there is no dearth of the materials entering into such a composition. Excepting these, it is just such a volume as should be written on such a subject; light, airy and instructive, with a mixture of thrilling anecdotes, satisfactorily explained. We subjoin a list of the subjects: Ghosts and Apparitions, Power of Imagination, Illusions, Fear, Superstition, Witchcraft and Sorcery, Salem Witchcraft, Omens and Auguries, Medical Quackery. It may be had in this city of Carey & Hart.

VARIETIES.

A curious case was argued in the Prerogative Court London, on Monday, the object of which was to discover the person legally entitled to the property of a gentleman named Selwyn, who, with his wife, was lost in the Rothsay Castle. The husband had executed a will in which he gave all his property to his wife, should she survive him, and appointed her sole executrix. In the event of his wife dying before him, then the property was to go to his brother-in-law. The difficulty was, that the exact time of the death of the husband and wife could not be ascertained. The bodies floated on shore. The presumption was that they had died about the same time.—Sir J. Nicholl said that a similar case to the present was heard at considerable length in 1815, when it was considered that the husband being stronger than the wife, he would survive her in such a calamity.—It was evident that the deceased in the present case did not mean to die intestate; and he (Sir J. Nicholl) was clearly of the opinion, that as the next of kin had not come forward to offer any opposition, probate ought to pass for the executors named in the will in favor of the brother-in-law.

MARRIED.—At Leeds, Mr. T. Whitley, to Miss Sarah Swift, of Carlton:—

Like Dian's fate, by love pursued,
The gentle Sarah's sec—
For as transfix'd the goddess stood.
No longer Swift is she.

WHO'S GOT THE CHOLERA MORBUS?—The excitement which is now so general throughout the metropolis occasioned by the fear and alarm which pervade the minds of every class of society, at the expected visit of this dreadful scourge, was considerably heightened by the following circumstance, which lately occurred at a newspaper office in Fleet street. The editor had sent down to the printer, to be composed, a long article on "the cholera morbus!" From its extreme length, it was divided into six parts, and given to as many compositors to "set up." Just afterwards, a timid gentleman, who had been for many weeks past adopting every precaution to prevent an attack of this fatal complaint seizing him, came into the office to chat away half an hour with the "Reader." He had not been there five minutes before the "reading boy" entered in great haste, and inquired "who's got the cholera morbus?" "I have"—"I have"—"I've got it," loudly responded the aforesaid half-a-dozen compositors. "The d—l you have!" shrieked out the aforesaid gentleman in question, more dead than alive with fear and agitation, "then I'm off"—and, "suiting the action to word," he jumped down the first flight of stairs, and was clear off the premises in a twinkling.—*London paper.*

A KEY TO WEDLOCK.—Married, lately, at Cartmel, with the key belonging to the church door (instead of a ring,) Mr. John Knowles, a cordwainer, to Miss Jane Rawlinson, both of Cartmel.

FARFARSHIRE HONESTY.—An officer of the Peace was one day brought before the late Provost Webster, of Farfar, and convicted of having appropriated to his own use a sum of money, which in the discharge of his official duty he had recovered for behoof of a creditor. The worthy Magistrate, in the course of administering a reproof to the delinquent, remarked "that it was singular they could not get honest men to transact the business of the court;" to which the nowise abashed offender made this brief but characteristic reply: "There's naething singular about it, for, by —, Sir, nae honest man wad do't."

CONSEQUENCE OF GIVING ADVICE.—The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner:—"My dearest Jane, I do not think your figure

suitd for dancing; and as a sincere friend, I advise you to refrain from it in future." The other naturally affected by such unsolicited candor, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice; this proof of your friendship demands some return—I would as sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes actually resemble the squallings of the feline race." The result of this precipitancy was, that the advice of neither was followed; the one continued to sing, and the other to dance; but they never after met as friends.

MILL STONES.—Herschel, in his discourse on the study of Natural History, states that the following process is used in some parts of France where mill stones are made. When a mass of stone sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a cylinder several feet high and the question then arises how to subdivide this into horizontal pieces so as to make as many mill stones. For this purpose horizontal indentations or grooves are chiselled out quite round the cylinder, at distances corresponding to the thickness intended to be given to the mill stones, into which wedges of wood are driven. These are then wetted, or exposed to the night dew, and next morning the different pieces are found separated from each other by the expansion of the wood, consequent on its absorption of moisture.

DISSECTION.—The horror excited in London by the recent discoveries of the practice of Burking in that metropolis, has led to much discussion as to the best mode of encouraging dissections by law.—Among others, a Colonel Jones, a noted Radical, addressed a letter to the Times on this subject, in which he advocates the propriety of the middle and higher ranks leaving their bodies for the benefit of science as an example to the lower ranks to do the same. The Colonel states that he has bequeathed his own body to the Anatomical Theatre of the London University.

A GOOD REASON.—At a late trial, a witness was examined to prove that his signature to a certificate of marriage was forged. On his cross-examination, the opposite counsel exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Will you swear, Sir, that that is not your hand-writing?" "No," replied the other, "I don't like to swear to it, because I can't read!"

FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN denotes not only a good heart, but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brow speak daggers to his heart. He sees his own villany reflected from their countenance, as it were from a mirror. Always mark that man or woman who avoids children. The great and good have always been remarkable for their fondness of children. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, was the most generous of monarchs, and the most tender of fathers. Diverting himself one day with riding on a stick with his children, and being surprised by a friend in the action, he desired him not to mention it till he was a father. Henry the IV. of France, taught his children to call him papa, or father, and not sire, (the new fashion introduced by Catharine de Medicis.) One day, going on all fours, with the Dauphin on his back, an Ambassador suddenly entered, when Henry, looking up, "Monsieur l' Ambassador, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well; then I will finish my race round the chamber."

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—There is a ridiculous story told of Lord Chesterfield, which sets that nobleman's ideas of a country life in so strong a point of view, that it deserves to be related. Walking, one day, with a friend in the street, he was exceedingly annoyed by a little cur, which continued barking and biting at his heels. He bore this for some time with great patience; but at length, turning round, said with apparent good humor, "I wish you were married, Sir, and settled in the country!"

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA. MARCH 3.

STEAM—STEAMERS.—The owners of steam boats are brushing them up as the warm weather approaches, and every thing about these modern flying vehicles indicates a prospect of motion. We have become so familiar with their effects, that we are apt when enjoying their benefits to forget what wonders have been produced by steam-power, and how inadequate to the reality must that person's ideas be who has never travelled by steam. But seventy years have elapsed since the introduction of this great power, and a much shorter time since Mr. Watt applied it to the purposes of practical utility; let us look over the globe, and we now find its powers every where in motion—in the bowels of the earth, upon the highest mountains, upon the face of the waters; all the great rivers of South America are now navigated by steam, so that the savage who inhabits the forests of Guiana, becomes alarmed at the appearance of a monster which makes its way upon the waters, without apparent effort or mortal agency. If so much has been done in so short a time, what may not a sanguine hope whisper to itself as to the future.—Surely still nobler things are reserved in the unopened volumes of destiny.

The number of steam engines now in use in the world is said to exceed ten thousand, and taking these on an average to be about equal to twenty horse power each, we have *two hundred thousand horses* acting together, for a total power employed in manufactures, mines, boats &c. during a period of from ten to twenty two hours per day; there must have been from two to two and a half sets of horses to perform a work of this description, which would raise the total number to between four hundred and five hundred thousand. The difference of cost between the fuel consumed by these engines and the keep of that number of horses, would amount annually to above *one hundred millions of dollars*. If the calculation were carried further to the saving in *actual labor*, there would be a result almost incredible. A steam engine of four horse power would travel from here to Cincinnati on a rail-road and carry passengers—it requires about two hundred horses to be hitched to a stage at regular intervals to do the same work!

It appears from the Registers of the Society of Friends, that one half of those born among them live to the age of forty-seven years; whereas, says Dr. Price, that of the general population of London, one half live only 2½ years. The number of Friends who live to the age of 70, compared with the general population of London, is as four to one. This superior longevity is properly attributable to the temperate habits of the Society generally; and it may be added, that from the same cause they enjoy a greater portion of health and exemption from the commonly allotted ills of life. A still greater benefit flowing from the habitual temperance of this society, is the almost total absence of pauperism among them. Although they relieve the public from all charge on account of their poor, it is believed that they are not subjected to any heavy burthen thereby—their habits of temperance and economy operating to keep nearly all above want.

ANDERSON THE SINGER.—We observe the following card in a Baltimore paper:—"Mr. Anderson having, from a series of unfortunate circumstances, been deprived of the

opportunity of exercising his professional abilities is induced to make an appeal to the citizens of Baltimore, trusting that for any offence he may have committed, the punishment he has already received may be considered sufficient. In the full hope of experiencing this indulgence, he now throws himself upon the liberality of the American public, and with their permission will make his first appearance at the Adelphi Theatre, on Monday evening, Feb. 13th, 1832, in the character of Henry Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*."

The following account of Anderson's exploits during his passage to this country, is given by the London Monthly Magazine; when John Bull hears the whole story, 'he'll laugh the other side of his mouth.'

"Anderson, the singer, who made his *debut* at Drury-lane or Covent-Garden, last year, by singing Sinclair's parts, his *debut* behind the scenes by belligerency with Madame Vestris, and his *debut* at Bow street, by a general war with all that lady's friends, has exported himself to New York, and has, as rumor says, placed himself in a general state of belligerency there too. A journal, after contradicting the story of his marrying Mademoiselle Victorine, or Josephine, a matter of no great interest to the Americans, who love a speculatrix as they do a speculation, details some of the incidents of the passage in a style which, we think, must have been due to the pen of a regular Yankee. Nothing can be more graphically told:—One day being pretty particularly merry, Josh. would take the helm, which the mate resisted, and down went Yankee No. 1. The captain thought it tarnation hard to see his first officer floored, so he planted a Mississippi muzzler upon Anderson's ivories, which Josh. returned with interest, and down went Yankee No. 2. 'This will never do, I guess,' said the steward, a regular back-wood, neger man of the Virginian breed. 'I calculate the Englisher means to mallet us all.' So blackey turned; and although the best of the Yankee trio, he very soon made number three. The result of this will, we fear, prove disadvantageous to Anderson, who, besides being prevented by his bruises from appearing on his first arrival, has also to encounter the ire of Jonathan, provoked by the conquered Yankees, who have reported that Anderson abused the Americans most considerably all the way out.'—Jonathan is an awkward fellow to deal with, on the best of terms, and though many a man has been beaten into bounty, and the delight of knocking down three Yankees must be inexpressible, yet we question whether a hero and singer can thus pugilise himself into popularity; as to his beating the whole crew of the packet, of course, we have no possible objection to that."

Since Anderson's card to the Baltimore public, he has appeared at the theatre. The house was crowded in all parts, and the collection of people outside was immense. When the curtain rose, Mr. Archer came forward and inquired of the audience whether, if Anderson appeared, it would be with their consent. He was answered by shouts and yells from a house apparently determined on having some "sport," while the mob outside attacked the house, demolished the windows and broke down the doors. Here a scene of great confusion occurred inside, the stage being made as public as the pavement. Order was at length restored by means of a detachment of watchmen, who arrested several of the most noisy. It is to be hoped Mr. Anderson has by this time become fully satisfied of the folly of attempting to sing before an American audience. We are not so much surprised at his pertinacity, as at the managers in suffering him thus to collect an irritated mob.

THE GREAT CELEBRATION.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth day of Washington took place on Wednesday, in this city, agreeably to the announcement, and when we say it far exceeded all the anticipations which had been formed of it, we speak within bounds. Every body seemed to take a deep interest in its success; the stores were all closed, and the day devoted to the celebration. At the appointed hour, the different societies and trades fell into the line of march at the corner South and Third. The Pioneers dressed in full costume, armed with axes, preceded to clear the way. They were followed by the Chief Marshal and two aids, the Mayor of the City on horseback, City Police on foot, with badges and truncheons; a band of music and the watchmen came next. These were succeeded by the Cincinnati, the Officers of the Revolution, officers and soldiers of the late war, &c. &c.

Then came the trades. The Victuallers mounted, to the number of near two hundred, with a trumpeter ahead, and all dressed in white frocks and blue sashes. They presented a formidable appearance. The Saddlers and Harness makers with sashes and badges; the Hatters succeeded, and on a car surrounded by skins and furs were workmen busily employed making three hats, one for Lafayette, one for Carrol and the third for the Mayor. These were nearly or quite completed on the route. Their banner represented St. Clement the first hatter with the motto "Paris 1446." The hatters on foot wore all descriptions of covering, from the Quaker's drab to the latest fashion; and bore aloft numerous specimens of their trade—ladies bonnets and little hats of all kinds and descriptions.

The Bakers had an oven, and made and distributed hot bread and cakes, which were truly acceptable to the crowd. The Black and White Smiths had a furnace and were beating swords into plough shares and hooks. Their motto—

"The art of man is great indeed,
But none the Blacksmith's can exceed."

The Tin-plate Workers were in a car drawn by seven horses, and distributed their wares to the multitude, such as tin cups, tin medals and basins. The followers of the car carried a coffee-pot, dredging-box, and other manufactured articles on poles.

The Ropemakers made a great display on a car, hard at work. The Tobacconists made good cigars, and cut and twist tobacco, which was well received by the open mouthed, as it was rapidly discharged by the workers.

The Comb-makers made all sorts of combs and handed them out deliberately to their friends. Their banner represented an Elephant, a boy with a Bull by the horns, and one foot on a tortoise. The Printers made a great show—the Washington press was hard at work with their motto. "The freedom of the press is the palladium of our liberties." The Binders mounted a fine ledger, with a banner and motto "we bind and preserve the knowledge of a past age, for the benefit of the future."

The Copper-plate Printers were on a car drawn by two horses, with a banner of Washington crossing the Delaware which was much admired. They were hard at work and distributed heads of Washington on paper. The Coopers were knocking away at a barrel in fine style. The Glass manufacturers made much of the day.

The Cutters were cutting decanters, bowls and lamps, and followed by the trade carrying lamps, bowls, wine glasses, and with banners at intervals, with figures of a glass house, &c.

The Cordwainers were a numerous body with appropriate banners and badges, and representations of St. Crispin. The Tailors too were very numerous. The Independent Odd Fellows were however the most numerous—they mustered near nine hundred strong, and were dressed splendidly with superb banners and emblems. The Spinners and Weavers were making an American flag. The Stone Cutters carried the corner stone of the Washington monument on a large car. The Potters were very busy making cups and pitchers, &c. Their motto was very pretty—

"To the rude mass his skillful touch applies,
And classic forms in graceful beauty rise."

The Master Ferryman were in a fine wherry with appropriate emblems. The Harbor Master, Capt. Bird, was also on board his boat. The fine ship *GEO. WASHINGTON*, set sail from Kensington, manned by old shipmates. The sailors were heaving the lead and taking a glass of grog. The Caulkers were busy on a merchant ship's boat, and the whole effect of the marine preparations was very fine. But where there was so much to particularise, it would be in vain to mention all. Our distant readers must be content with the outline we have given them, and fill up the picture themselves. Red and blue ribbon has advanced in price, owing to the great consumption, and for ourselves we shall be well satisfied if no other "centennial" occurs in our time!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The remarks of Selim exemplify a well-known trait of human shrewdness, which may be thus summed up: As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, though nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

SEVERUS is not happy in his volunteer critique on Eugene Aram—those things are rather better done after reading the works. There is a certain formula in cases where the book is not at hand, which we give for his edification, viz: "The distinguished author of ——— has resumed his prolific pen, and with his usual, nay increased professional tact, we have in ——— a finished specimen of the magniloquent manner in which he has conspicuously contributed to the amusement of both hemispheres. The development of his point is happily consummated by collateral and assistive machinery—except that his Flibbertigibbet* wants his usual ubiquity and unexpectedness. We think that in this effort he has as far transcended himself as on former occasions he has excelled all others." We forbear to make extracts, as is too often done by some reviewers, who with a propensity to puffing, quote the only chapter in a book worth reading, to the infinite chagrin of the reader, the immense benefit of the publisher, and the utter annihilation of all confidence in critics. But we feel gratified in being able to place this work on the list of the first productions of this producing age, and augur that many editions will be necessary to supply the public demand for this astonishing and admirable performance.

*Any regular staff conjuror, elf, demon or goblin, that the author has constantly in service.

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